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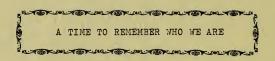


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FOREWORD

You and I live in the present. This is our progressive spirit. We have hope and faith in the future, but the deep roots of our character lie in the past. We should take time to remember who we are. We can be mindful of our heritage and of the responsibilities it imposes upon us.



A historical resume of the settlement of Monroeville in conjunction with the Indiana State Sesquicentennial.

Written by Helene Blauvelt Trentadue

with

Book Cover and Illustrations by Mary Lou Brouwer Ross

Most of us would resent being called unpatriotic, and yet how many of us know the story of our native state. Let us trace the colorful adventures of our hardy pioneer fathers and mothers who laid the first hearthstones in this state of ours. These people who first united a continent, we think of them and take time to remember who we are.

When three centuries ago, the Indian paddling his bark cance with the flow of the St. Mary's river then turned his course into the counter current of the St. Joseph and then to the southward round in the bend of the Maumee, he beheld the strange sight of the first white man.

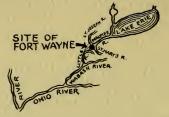
To these wild people of the forest, he appeared as a messenger of the gods. He might have been but he was not. In truth, he was the advance spirit of destruction, the forerunner of men who would one day take this wilderness from the red man. As he stepped ashore and bestowed upon the wondering savages the gifts of sparkling beads and bits of shining metals, the white man saw smoke from the fires of the Indian village and he heard the strange sounds of unknown tongues.

The story of the beginnings of this section of Indiana is a story of the most famous portage in America. The mere mention of the word portage brings to our imagination the pageant of the explorer, and the adventurer, the black robed Jesuit Father and the blood thirsty savage, the French and English soldier, and the trader and pioneer.

A portage or "carrying place," is a pathway between two rivers coursing in generally opposite directions.

Let us go with the earliest white traveler as he accidentally enters the mouth of the Maumee, after coursing from the eastward along the southern shore of Lake Erie. He pushes forward until he reaches a point where two rivers which we now know to be the St. Mary's and the St. Joseph join to form the river which has brought him on his way. The Indians point out to him the pathway which leads from the St. Mary's across the woodland and prairie to a smeller stream called in later years, Little River. He carries his canoe across the six or seven miles of the portage, launches it and finds he is carried on into the Wabsh, then into the Ohio and finally into the great Mississippi.

Our land was united by Europeans coming down the rivers exploring and claiming the land as early as 1647. La Salle is the first great name to be remembered in connection with the story of our state. He had come to Canada barely out of his teens and wandered through our western country and down our rivers.



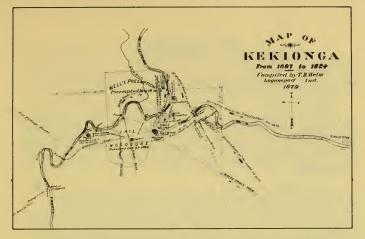
Few white men knew Indiana territory before the seventeenth century. When first visitors reached the New World, the Norsemen, the Spaniards, the Pilgrims, they came face to face with virgin forest. Whenever they traveled inland they found themselves in the midst of trees, and each came to America amid a different type of woodland.

The highest, the oldest, the biggest trees in the world grow in the American woods. Indiana territory was covered with dense forest of oak, walnut, maple, elm and hickory. No pines nor hemlock existed then. Timberland was wet, but when cleared productive. Bears, wolves, foxes, beavers, otters, mink, muskrat and other smaller animals roamed the woodlands. This country was a great point for trading furs, for the Indians knew the art of hunting, cleaning and preserving the skins of animals.

Indian trade was carried on by means of men in small boats on rivers carrying merchandise and exchanging them for valuable furs at Indian villages. Their trades were bright colored cloth, knives, hatchets, traps, kettles, tobacco, liquor and gunpowder.

In those early days when wild animals and a few Indians controlled the land, the few men who did venture inland were our first frontiersmen. He was the lone developer of his land. Only one ingredient was needed to provide him with a livelihood. That ingredient was hard work, but sprinkle this with a little bit of luck and man's gift of ingenuity. Yes, a man felt good as he walked the length of his claim at the end of a hard day. But it took work, it took planning and ingenuity and a little bit of luck. These early Americans were ready to make their way in the new country. They were hardworking, self-reliant, and forward looking. Their close touch with practical things made them practical.

Many of our early relatives died in the struggle to claim the land. To fight the elements and stay alive produced admirable men and women. A man's gun, wife and Bible, and quite likely in that order, were his companions. Men cleared wilderness and tended the soil, they fought off hostil Indians as best they could. Many a settler died with an arrow through his chest and many a logcabin was burned to the ground. As we take time to remember, quite likely it was our great-great grandparents who were a part of this great settlement of the Northwest territory, our Indiana.



Actually the Indians ruled the area until after the Revolutionary War. Then United States set up a temporary government with the creation of the Northwest Territory. In 1800, what is now Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin became Indiana Territory and William Henry Harrison was appointed governor. The capitol was Vincennes.

The state's early history is closely related to that of the area. The United States government was so far away that notice was served on the national government unless help came soon the area would leave the Union and join Canada for protection.

Three armies were sent against the Indians. Two were destroyed. Then Washington called General Wayne whom he had known in the American Revolution. General Wayne said he would go, if he could have what he wanted. Wayne wanted to choose his own men and dress them in the finest of uniforms. Washington consented to Wayne's demands. It is said that Anthony Wayne gave the whole territory between the Ohio and the Mississippi to that peaceful immigration of settlers. Yes, Mad Anthony opened the glorious gates of the Ohio to the tide of the frontiersmen, men, women, and children who desired a home.

The rich earth and timbered land of Monroe Township had been virtually cut off to settlers by tribes of hostile Indians. George Washington realized the greatest problem was to protect the white settlers in this territory. You can easily picture the tremendous job the President of our great land had on his hands. At this time Washington chose Wayne and presented him with two great tasks, peace with the Indians and protection for the frontiersman, so that homes could be built which would become the bulwark of our nation.

In 1790 the president had sent General Harmer which had ended in a bloody victory for the Indians. In 1791 he had sent General St. Clair, and his army was slaughtered by the savages who attacked them from all sides. The white man could not fight the Indian with white man's methods.

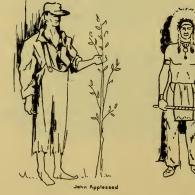
But Wayne knew the Indian's manner of fighting. This was to kill the opposition's leaders first. The big defeat for the Indians was at Fallen Timbers near Maumee, Ohio in the month of August, 1794. After conquering them in Fort Wayne, the real history of northern Indiana began. Later at Greenville, just inside Ohio, the Indians gave up their claims to vast areas.

Throughout our area the Miami Indians roamed. Close by there were the Pottawatomies and the Wabash Indians. The Miami Indians had as their chief one of the most intelligent of all Indian chiefs, Little Turtle. Little Turtle felt it was impractical to battle the white man after seeing his lands taken and his men destroyed. He hated the white man's trade of liquor for furs. He went in person to the legislature of Ohio for a law preventing it. but without success.

General Wayne upon entering and following the Maumee river found Indians in one continuous village, with highly cultivated fields of corn showing the hard work of many, but he cleared and burned their homes, built a stockade and in the spirit of Wayne, named it Defiance.

General Clark drove the French out of Vincennes and General Harrison cleared the same city of the British. General Harrison defeated Tecumseh at Tippecanoe. So you see, it was a fight for possession for our early settlers.

The Treaty of Greenville cleared the way for Indiana's great agricultural success with the aid of some French traders and thousands of Germans who came into our state.







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A plain, honest people were these Hoosiers with homely and unpretentious qualities of kindliness and courtesy, the builders of a great state. They were far too busy to ever think of being lonely or bored. They turned work into play by inviting the neighbors to come and visit them and help in making their homes. Woe to the newcomer who put on airs when in company with these plain, candid, straight forward people. Early settlers kept busy making clothes, cooking, making soap, curing meat, drying vegetables and fruits. Their homes were happy homes, plain and simple but made with neighborliness and kindliness.

The wife and children shared the responsibility in making a home. The father provided meat for the table with his rifle. The rifle, the ax, and the open fire were the tools of the pioneer. The home of the first settler was a busy one. The furniture was simple and made by his own hands. Flat stones were used to grind the corn into meal for the Johnny cake. Gourds were dippers and drinking cups. An iron pot was used for cooking purposes and hung on an iron crane outside the cabin. In the winter, families would gather around the hearthstone inside the cabin and the only light was the light from the fireplace. Women made their own soap, cured the meat, and wove the cloth for their clothing. The life of the frontiersman was hard work but happy.

Yes, to the Hoosier belongs the gentle rolling farm land, the valleys and rivers, and the small towns and streets where old friends pass back and forth. To the Hoosier also belongs the art of arguing politics. Year around, the real Hoosier is peculiarly addicted to interest in politics. The social life of these early Hoosiers was expressed in house raising, quilting bees, and other work that could be done with their neighbors. During these affairs the men worked and women exchanged recipes and zodiacal signs for weaning babies. Children stood around to strengthen their legs, and their favorite games were crack the whip, leap frog, and London bridge.

Neighbors began gathering early for a house raising. Some came early, because no one could afford to miss any doin's which might be called social. Others came to do for their neighbors what had been done for them when they first settled in Indiana territory. Besides their labor, each family brought a house gift. These ranged from some cherished knick-knack to a dooryard plant.

One old woman gave her iron, flat-bottomed pan with a tight cover for baking. "People in the East swear by an oven," she said, "but I always say, if you have a good skillet, you can bake anything."

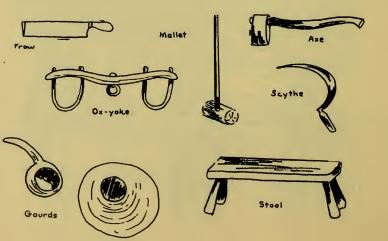
The men brought homemade tools. There was a grub hoe and an ox-yoke, a scythe, and there were also gifts of hens, and even a tame rabbit. There were stone jugs of liquor with stoppers made of a piece of corn cob. These were generally offered slyly to the man of the new house when the women were looking the other way.

Now each log for the walls was notched underneath and sharpened to a wedge on its upper side so that each would fit like a saddle over the one below it. When the house was roughly built, it must be warmed by dancing and laughter far into the night. This was a time to remember throughout the long weeks ahead when each family would live their days alone. Before the day was done, a piecework quilt would be finished and presented to the woman of the house. Tongues wagged as fingers flew and turned scraps of calico into beautiful quilts.

Elaborate quilt patterns were the Prairie Rose, Log Cabin, Lone Star, Irish Chain and the Flower Garden. Four Patch and Nine Patch were simpler designs for the everyday use.

A blanket, toweling, a bucket of sorghum, a bag of dried apples, a supply of candles, or a rag carpet were gifts every woman cherished.

There was much ceremony to the christening of a new home. No one could set foot into it, once the roof was on, until the owners had gone in, to pronounce a house blessing. A house must be blest, first with solemnity and then with festivity, for this was a real part of the Hoosier's life.



WABASH AND ERIE DAYS

Up until 1829, the only natural highways of commerce were the rivers and the Great Lakes. Much of the good farm land that was not close to a river was without access to markets in the East where the produce of the forests and farm became marketable. Early settlers knew the possibilities of the wonderful land, but they were very skeptical when they knew their farms were located two or three days journey from a waterway to market.

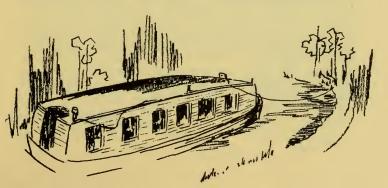
Now this was before steam railroads, and the settlers only hope lay in the construction of water canals.

In Indiana, the canal building was constructed at the state's expense. The earliest of these, the Wabash and Erie extended from Lake Erie along Maumee and Wabash rivers to the Ohio. Indiana sold state lands and borrowed two hundred thousand dollars. Some canals were built by private owners and some were owned by the state. None were so successful in their operations as the Erie Canal.

The good materials needed for the locks and waterways was scarce and progress was slow. The wheelborrow was the only tool for moving earth, not the bulldozer, but hand tools with horses and mules.

The Canal was formally dedicated on July 4, 1843. Senator Cass was at the dedication. The Senator, dimembarking from the boat, was so busy answering the ovation from the crowd, that he forgot to look where he was walking and fell off the gangplank into mud and water. This little episode became a joke on a nation wide scale. Although he was mussed up a little, people still thought it was very funny.

The canal boat passed out of history's picture and little remains of this great enterprise, excepting small mounds and ditches where the canal passed through and a few stories handed down with a lot of Hoosier tradition.



THE EARLY SCHOOL

When the great Northwest Territory, a part of which is Indiana, was laid out, the Ordinance of 1787 provided for its organization and also stated there could never be any slavery in it. Education and religion should be encouraged. In accordance with this, the early pioneers who came to Monroe Township provided for both churches and schools.



The first school houses were made of logs and long wooden benches provided seats for the boys and the girls. The lessons were written on slates and many of the boys had shiny coat sleeves from wiping the slates clean. The three R's were taught by the teachers who did the best they could with only meager preparation. On the wall hung the fifth wheel. This was not the fountain pen nor the basket ball, but the birchen rod which was an essential part of every school. This was often used on the boys who played hookey down at the swimmin'hole on Flat Rock.

Let us not pass the memory of the first schools without remembering them again and again, for they contain many of the memorials which we cherish. In these sacred haunts were found apple cores, paper wads and a great amount of Indiana soil. Here also was passed out the future Indiana, the great truths that have made her illustrious through such names as Tarkington, Ade, Morton, Purdue, Hendricks, Marshall, Wallace, Colfax and many others.

Boys and girls were mischievous in pioneer days as they are in the present generation. Many a boy had to sit out the three hours on the dunce stool. Recess time came when the master rang the bell.

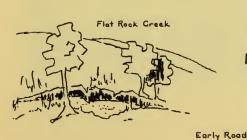
MONROE TOWNSHIP'S FIRST SETTLER'S - 1839

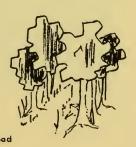
The year of 1839 brought many changes to our township. As the sunrise breaks the gloom of night, so had the national government with the help of treaty and warfare brought about the daybreak of peace and security for the pioneer. Not peace and security as based on the standard of today, but opportunity and convenience as typified by the ax, the rifle, and the open fire.

John Friedline was the first white man to set foot upon Monroe Township. He entered the township in 1838, staked his claim, and returned with his family two years later. In the meantime, five families had settled here and were making clearings. Traveled roads were very few and usually deep with mud. Many left comfortable homes in Carrol County, Ohio, to make a new way in the wilderness. The covered wagon brought men and women willing to sacrifice few comforts they had known in order to make new homes and farm the rich virgin land of this territory.

The land was thickly covered with timber and a spontaneous kind of grass that grew three or four feet high. Oak trees grew four feet in diameter with straight trunks without a single branch for seventy five feet, and then from that point seventy more feet in height. Vacant ground was deep with an undergrowth of wild pea vine which prevented the use of a plow. The vine had to be removed by hand and the corn was planted by slow and tedious methods. The pioneer's hard work was rewarded with good crops.

William and James Black, Joseph Rabbit, Jacob Drake, Peter Schlemmer, Noah Clem, Moses Ratledge, and sons, Elijah Reddinghouse, John Friedline, Hugh Anderson, Samuel Clem, John Stephenson, James Savage, Thomas Jones and Peter Barnhart were those who entered first into this great township to carve upon the stone of early progress, the name of ploneer.





THE FIRST ELECTION - 1841

By 1841, a great number of families were pouring into Monroe Township. There were new clearings and improvements in the settlement. One of the greatest evidences of the American way of Life at this time was the election. Communities were small and it was not unusual for elections to end in a tie vote. Such was the first election in Monroe Township, which was held on the first Monday of April, 1841 in the home of William Ratledge to provide a Justice of Peace. There were thirteen men who voted. The opposing candidates were Noah Clem and William Black. Peter Schlemmer's vote was challenged, for he was a native of Germany. After much dispute, Mr. Schlemmer went home and produced the legal proof of his right to vote and the tie was broken. Seven votes for Noah Clem, the new Justice of Peace.

THEY WERE THANKIBLE

The affairs of the township moved forward in the early forties, crops were very good and the early settlers were surprised and thankful. They were surprised for much of the land was timberland and very wet. It was supposed that the land would remain very wet when cleared. To their surprise, they found that as fast as clearings were made the land dried, and many of the richest farms were redeemed from the low forest lands. They were thankful!

They set aside a time and place to worship God. With the happiness and satisfaction that came from work well done, also came the desire to worship in thankfulness to the Creator. Such a need was experienced by every man in the settlement. The pioneer was learning that there were kindred spirits, desires, strivings, appreciations, ideals, and interests within the minds of his neighbors, and much of this was unspeakable in words. The gathering together in a home for the first church meeting was an outward demonstration of their faith.



The first religious meeting was held in the home of John Friedline, whose great spiritual qualities spread through his entire family. His son, John D. was well known and loved by present citizens of Monroeville. Many times he was known to make this remark, "I am not interested in many churches, only one church, the church triumphant."

The first church service was held in the year of 1845 and Rev. Exline, a Lutheran preacher conducted the service according to his denomination. He was a native of Van Wert and a circuit rider preacher. He made many trips through this part of the country holding services in the homes that desired it.

In the same year, a Rev. John Hill, another circuit rider, held services in the barn of Sam Clem and at this meeting the United Brethern Church was organized. The Methodist Church was organized in 1847; Evangelical Lutheran, 1864; Christian, 1867; St. Rose Catholic Church, 1868; showing that in the early stages of development in our township, the pioneer was weaving the basic fabric of the American way of life. Freedom of worship!



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in the 1850's

One of the most essential elements in a civilization is its government. The power to protect both life and property, to secure justice for all, and the capacity to do for the individual those things which are too big for him to do for himself.

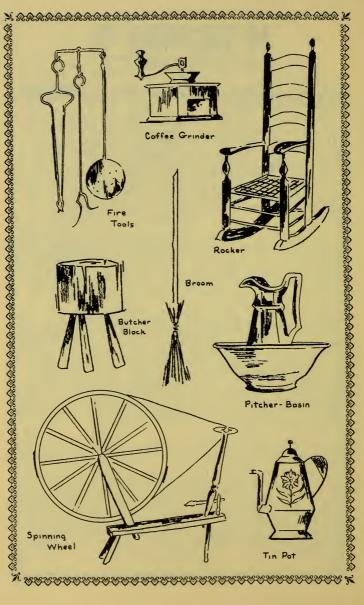
The little colony of Jamestown had not progressed very far until the love of liberty and desire for self-government brought forth the first popular legislative assembly in the new world. However, in the same year, and in the same soil of freedom, was planted the seed of an institution destined later to deny to a part of our people their God-given right of freedom because of their race or color. This institution of slavery grew through the years to such staggering proportions that it all but sank the last best hope of the world, the American government.

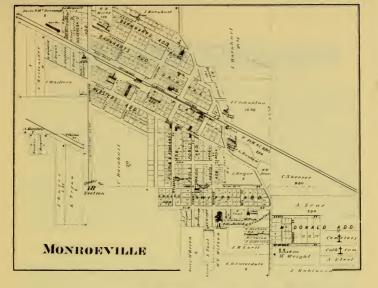
During this time, such terms as Garrison, Douglas, Lincoln, John Brown, raid, fugitive slave, underground railroad and Levi Coffin were prominent. The underground railroad crossed Indiana and was a means of concealing negroes from slave to freedom and into Canada. Levi Coffin, the president of the underground railroad for ten years, liberated over three thousand slaves into freedom.

Levi Coffin's house in Fountain City is famous in Indiana history as the grand central station of the underground railroad. Levi Coffin, and his wife, the latter known as Aunt Katie took care of the fugitives and helped them to finish their journey in safety. The term was used as "underground railroad" when a frustrated slave hunter from Kentucky remarked, "They must have an underground railroad a-runnin' hereabouts, and Levi Coffin must be the president of it." Levi Coffin and his wife were Quakers. The Quakers, or Friends, brought a distinctive quality to Indiana life in their fight for the great principle concerning human slavery.

The schedule was operated only during the night. Levi Coffin in his memoirs explained the details as follows:

"We knew not what night of hour of night we would be awakened by a gentle rap at the door. That was the signal for the underground railroad. Outside in cold or rain there would be a wagon, loaded with fugitives. I would invite them in, cover the windows, strike a match, and build a good fire. My wife would prepare good food for them. The horses would be taken to the stable and the fugitives would rest for the night. Then in the darkness they would to on to their next destination."





Signatures Taken From Monroeville Centennial Register . 1951

John Meyns
John M. H. Walenman C. W. From an
School John M. Knox Samuel Bow
Sillie Robinson S. & Rose Tom Griffith J. L. May

Callie J. Mc Intosh Da Marquardt

David Larry Vizard Durghe Castleman

Albert & Reuenburger Castleman

Albert & Reuenburger Charles Fred L. Ameth

David Van Meter

Addie Heckler

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Addie Heckler

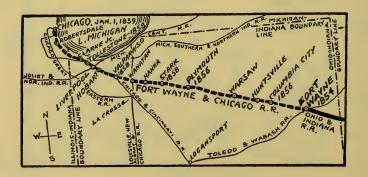
Arre Mulchell John Bottenberg

1851 - MONROEVILLE A TOWN

Previous to the survey of the Pennsylvania rail-road, now one of the greatest systems in the country, there was not a home within a mile of what is now known as Monroeville.

As soon as the railroad was assured, houses were built and the town was born. For a number of years the town was represented mostly by the mail station on the Pennsy. The town was platted by Jacob and John Barnhart, sons of Peter Barnhart, and the corporation limits stand today the same as they did one hundred and fifteen years ago. You may read such names as Barnhart, Webster, Pilgrim, Rowland, Engle, Swift, Pool, Argo, and Dickerson on the abstracts of the present home owners. These were the men who eagerly bought lots or had previously owned the land in 1851.

The town grew by leaps and bounds and was taking a prominent place in Allen County. The ground had been broken for the new railroad and in 1852 the contract for the building of the stretch of railroad from Crestline, Ohio, through Monroeville to Fort Wayne, one hundred and thirty one miles, was let to Samuel Hanna. Money for the work was derived from the sale of stocks and bonds and subscription. By the fifteenth of November, 1854, the first railroad train ran from Crestline, Ohio through Monroeville to Fort Wayne. Monroeville was connected with the industrial centers of that day. The waterways of travel that had bypassed this township had given way to the locomotive and Monroeville was directly in the line of traffic from Pittsburgh to Fort Wayne and Chicago.



900M TOWN-1886-78

Monroeville is a boom town. Monroeville is a part of the greatest nation on the face of the earth...America. This is America, earning money and spending it. The whole country had doubled the number of manufacturing establishments in the last ten years. The day of westward expansion is here and the railroad is bringing urban prosperity to its peak.

In our area, the man on the small farm worked and made a thrifty living. Farmers had begur to buy stock. People who had money spent it with a flourish. Houses were decorated with towers, mansard roofs, and jigsaw patterns of wood and iron. The best parlor had the stereoscope, the plush album, the antimacassars and the whatnots. Lawm parties were the thing that was being done by the social set and the croquet epidemic began in the summer of 1866.

The M.E. Argo grove, one half mile south of town was the scene of many outdoor parties. It was becoming fashionable for women to have an education and the school marms were taking their places in the elementary schools of Monroeville.

Two business houses were doing a large volume of business: the hardware of J.A. Neizer, who built the large home on South and Monroe Streets and the drygoods and drugstore of D.S. Redelshimer. Other firms were: S. Heller, W.D. Baker, M. Cary and Company, Sam Pool, C.W. Rollins, D.S. Row, Thomas Wilson, Strauss and Smith, who had undertaking and furniture; also M.B. Knouse, J.T. Poole, Attorney, J.W. Jones, E.G. Coverdale as Justice of Peace and Drs. W.A. Connolly, C.A. Leiter, E.P. Wilder, Jones E. Schlick, W.D. Rockfellow, F.L. Bobilya, Indiana House and J.H. Delavan, M. Rundell and A.C. Webster in charge of sales.

One industry which flourished in the 64's through the 70's was the flouring mill of Dague and Brothers with an output of one hundred barrels of flour a day and large quantities were shipped to Pittsburgh and Baltimore.

Oil barrel staves and headings was another industry. John Rout, George Webster, James Weiler, Hemphill and Ashworth, M.E. Argo, Rollya and Robertson, A.T. Beaugnot, D.S. Redelshimer and Jacob Sweeny were men engaged in this business. There were five stave factories going strong in this town with branches in Paulding, Ohio, Dixon, Ohio, and Decatur, Indiana.

Seven thousand cords of timber were used annually and the staves sold in the markets east and west.

T.A. Long, and W.A. Waterman began the wooden suction pump business and the carriage and wagon works was conducted by Adam Scar and Christian Hoffman.

The stories have been told many times of those busy days in Monroeville when the glamour of the night was made bright by the light of the refusal of shop and mill at the bonfire pit. It illuminated the town by its reddish glow.

Yes... Monroeville was a boom town, hustling and bustling with the manufacturing of staves and headings. New homes were built for the stream of people looking for a place to live. Monroeville was second in industry only to Fort Wayne, Indiana.



HOOSIER POLITICS

In politics, Indiana has had an enviable history. Indiana came into the Union in 1816 and at once became what is called in politics a doubtful state. This is a state that has nearly an even division of votes between the two parties. In order to get the electoral vote of this state, the Conventions of the two parties appeal to the state's pride by moninating candidates from the doubtful state for either the President or for the Vice President.

In the long period from 1868 to 1916, nearly fifty years, Indiana furnished two candidates for President and nine candidates for Vice President.

Some of her great names have been Thomas A. Hendrick, whose death posed the unanswerable question, "Who will become President in case President Cleveland should die?" A question which is still being discussed today. There was Governor Morton who kept Indiana from seceding from the Union. Also the two Harrisons, General William Henry and Benjamin Harrison. There was Thomas R. Marshall, Charles W. Fairbanks, Paul V. Mc Nutt, Governor Hanley and Governor Schricker.

HOOSIER WRITERS

Until 1840 the writing in Indiana was mostly written by scholars who had come from Europe and New England to study. Then came John Finley, who wrote "The Hoosier's Nest", a first genuine poem of the frontier. Edward Eggleston and "The Hoosier Schoolmaster", Lew Wallace and his "Ben Hur", Meridith Nickolson and "The Hoosiers", Gene Stratton Portor's "Limberlost", and Johnson's series of "Little Colonel". There was Kin Hubbard's sketches and essays and George Ade with his lively satires of Abe Martin. Booth Tarkington's "Gentleman from Indiana", Theodore Drieser's "An American Tragedy", Robert Lynd, a sociologist's study of Muncie's "Middletown", Albert J. Beveridge and Claude Bowers, who were political historians; also Charles Austin Beard's "Rise of American Civilization", Eleanor Atkinson's "Johnny Appleseed", James Whitcomb Riley's poetry, Levi Coffin's "Reminiscence", and this community lays claim to Lloyd Douglas, whose last book, "Time to Remember", recalls many favorite stories of his mother, whose memory we all cherish.

Although the Indiana group is a phrase often heard in reference to Hoosier authors, the most famous in the state's literature during the later nineteenth century was the children's poet, James Whitcomb Riley. Riley's verses were good, bad, and indifferent, and were published for years in the weekly newspapers of Indiana. The common people he wrote about took him warmly and uncritically into their homes. Riley is best known for "When the Frost is On the Punkin", "Ole Swimmin Hole" and "Little Orphan Annie". They are still universally read.

Throughout his life he remained the spokesman for children and his rustic philosphies fit the average Hoosier to a "T".

Well, now, how did the name of Hoosier come about? One theory is that the words were used in the pioneer's hail to a newcomer at his home. "Who's Yer?". This was the beginning of the famous nickname. But there is another version, one that springs from the fact that in 1825, there was a contractor in the Ohio Falls Canal at Lousiville named Sam Hoosier. He found the men from the Indiana side of the river suited him better than his usual lot and he gave these men preference. Soon his gangs were composed largely of Indiana sons with the result that they became known as the "Hoosier men" and later, simply Hoosiers. No matterhow the term originated, Indiana people are Hoosiers everywhere.

Now the average Hoosier is not a high polished city feller, nor is he wholly from the farm. He is really something in between, he is friendly and he doesn't care much for show. He is likely to agree with Riley, 'they's nothin' much patheticker'n than just a bein' rich'. Neighborly, perhaps describes better than any other word.

190095

Time was kind to our town and electric lights and productive farms had a great influence on the business of our community. On Sunday morning, January 12, 1913, the Fort Wayne Journal Gazette was devoted entirely to Monroeville and her progressive citizens. Such men were, J.J. Peters, town clerk and school teacher, Charles Shifferly, who with his brother, James D. engaged in the implement and tinning business. Visitors have called this town of Monroeville, the town of the tin roofs. Dr. H.E. Steinman was young in the medical profession. G.H. Painter, who with his brother, Seth, engaged in furniture and undertaking. There was D.W. Mercer, Chief of Fire Department, Henry C. Dorris, Supt. of municipal lighting, Charles Krick, town treasurer, W.C. Sweeny, school board and organizer of Citizens State Bank, Ralph Waterman, town council and pumpman for Pennsylvania Railroad, Henry Krick, councilman, William Peckham, town marshall, Dr. D.E. Kauffman, school board and medicine. George Burchnell, broom factory and photographs, Clarence and Harry Clem, hardware, Albert and Alfred Leuenberger, bicyles and first auto sale, and Phillip and Jack Meese the barbers.

The majority of people living here at this time were engaged in agriculture. The barrels, the staves and headings were now lined up alongside the canal boat and the carriages. The products of the farm were hay, corn, oats, wheat, cattle, hogs, sheep poultry and wool. The receipts of these commodities reached into millions annually. Citizens owned their own homes in Monroeville and the city was full of energy and up with the times, progressive in spirit and work.

With the opening of the twentieth century came municipal lighting, the town hall, a home for the fire department, the jail, and the Weekly Breeze. It is said that John D. Alleger was the pulmotor which had kept the breath of life in the town of Monroeville. The weekly newspaper was a masterpiece of hometown news. John D. and his son, William, performed a great service to the community, keeping and recording events in our town.

One of the greatest developments in Monroeville in the early 1900's was the electric railway, which put this community in line of traffic for passenger and freight. There was a great deal of hard labor that went into the building and piling for what was called later the Indiana Service System.

OUR HOOSIER HERITAGE

From the earliest missionaries, fur traders, explorers, Indians, frontiersmen, educators, Indiana is a blend of east, west, north and south. Indiana is called, "The Crossroads of America". This Indiana carved from the Great Northwest Territory is the pride of every Hoosier.

Here the prairie starts its westward sweep, northeastern Indiana is a lovely pastoral region with little hills and innumerable, small, clear lakes. South of Indianapolis, tumbled hills and narrow valleys of Brown County attract the tourist. The limestone used to build the nation's public buildings comes from the southcentral Indiana quarries.

Indiana is sewn together with large farms, little towns, hills, prairies, sleepy rivers lined with sycamores, lakes, sand dunes, and buttoned with men and women of goodwill and kindly tolerance.

Every Hoosier is proud of his heritage. The heart of a country, the strength of a country, is found in its people. Anything which we own together is richer than any one thing which we own individually. Our heritage, our Hoosier heritage, the property and responsibility of each of us.

A great governor of our Indiana once said, "If we do anything well, we must do it in our own hometown."

A man who has no interest in his own hometown may be considered a failure. What kind of a town would this town be, if everyone in it were just like me. Where, but in a small hometown can you walk out your doorway and know your neighbors. The hometown, where the sounds of choir practice harmonize with the crack of the bat at the Little League Park. The hometown, where the men exchange the news at the restaurant and the ladies exchange views on rearing children over the church meetings.

A man could live long enough to build a house by himself, but he could never live long enough to build a town by himself. One look at the buildings and homes of our town, the churches, the many organizations within Monroeville, points to the interdependence of our citizens.

As we review the panorama of our history, we are humbled that the past has bequethed us with so rich a heritage. We face the challenge of an ever changing world in the spirit of the frontiersman, striving ever toward the great principle of Freedom, Peace, and Progress for the whole world.

America is great because she shares and she works together. However, we are no longer a group of log-rolling pioneers in Indiana. America has learned the lesson of the interdependence of all races and all peoples.

We were Indian country at the time of Indiana's Statehood. Over the next twenty-five years the country will echo with the sounds of some sixty-five million housing units being built. It is hard to picture the lonely echo of the ax in the wilderness in 1830 to 1851.

America, standing with her feet on the silent, revealing past, her hands clasping the present, knows her future is a rendezvous with God and with world destiny.

How can we cope with dangers as well as opportunities in an inter-related world, with technology on the run away? How can the light of freedom burn in the next century. We need modern frontiersmen who respond with acts not words.

> My Indiana, our Indiana May you ever be the mother Of a free people, A toiling, sturdy people, A peaceful people always.

May you always be A part of the greatest Nation On the face of the earth.



i aemember's 🗼

Some of the "I Remember" tales are reappearing from "They Made the Way" booklet of 1951, all too good, not to remember again. Many new ones have been added for the scene of the oldtimer is a rapidly changing one. We are hoping young'un's will lock them away for the time when they are oldtimers.

Writing and spinning the tales from old times is something like the ague, it comes on 'ya, lets up a spell, and then hits you full blow. You never really get over it.

Helene Trentadue

I remember my great-great grandfather's diary as one of my prized possessions. In here, he relates the day the M.E. Church, Corunna, was going to kick him out because he was selling spirits to the Indians. And in his old fashioned script he writes, "I told them if they knew which side their bread was buttered on, they would allow me to remain." I guess they allowed him to remain because his tombstone reads, died 1851, a member of the M.E. Church, Corunna.

Jeanne Andrews

I remember S.F. Bowser coming into my father's store and ordering his meat. He always asked for me. I was the only one who could suit him. We had one of the very first gasoline pumps of Bowsers in front of our store.

George Ertel

I remember my grandmother Hester Peckham telling about her grandfather, Sam Wass, who declared he would never be buried in a grave yard. He was a very strong minded man. His farm was the old Alleger place on lol south. As he lay dying, he called his children in and made my grandmother's mother, Harriet Mundorf, promise to bury him between two large trees on a little hill overlooking Flat Rock Creek to the southwest. His children did as he wished, but the ironical twist to the story was this, his heirs later sold the property to IOOF who developed it for a cemetary and great-great grandfather ended up being the very first man to be buried in our local cemetary.

Dortha Jackson

I remember when father wore a mustache years ago. On Saturdays, Mom andDad went to town in the surrey with the fringe on top, for groceries. We waited at home watching down the road to see who would get the first glimpse of them. One day, when we ran to meet them, we had to back off, for Dad had shaved his mustache. He looked awful queer. It wook a week for us to get acquainted all over again.

Mrs. John Hawkins

One time they had a fair here in town and they wanted the oldest man and woman to come up on the stage and Ves Rose and Illy Robinson went, because they're both ninety by now, and after the show was over- you know old Ves- he wanted to take Lily over and get her an ice cream soda, so he takes her arm and they go off the stage, and he says real loud like, "Here goes a Lily with a Rose."

Alice Brown, (deceased)

I remember when the Fort Wayne and Findlay Railroad was built. I carried the water for the teamsters who did the grading. I received fifty cents per day pay. I remember when they had toll gates between here and Fort Wayne and when the street cars were pulled by a horse. I also remember the time when I would chase flying squirrels around in the woods, and when Father threshed with an outfit, the separator was pulled by oxen. But best of all, I remember when I had to crawl under the log house to get eggs which the brown leghorns layed.

Orren Myers, (deceased)

I remember the time when that stretch of land between Monroeville and Woodburn was a solid belt of timber. I can say that I cleared those woods around our home and burnt out stumps of virgin trees near 101. It has been just seventy years since I watered my last horses at the town pump. My father, Sam Ball, dumped the first load of gravel ever to be lined on country roads, and got it out of the bed of Flat Rock Creek.

Frank Ball, (deceased)

I remember the time when my father gave me the gift of trust. He worked in the corn field, and at three o'clock in the afternoon, I was to carry water in an earth brown jug out to him. As I walked down the dirty road, I would see him look up. He knew I would be there at three. He was trusting me and I felt this important virtue of being trusted.

I remember when the old frame school house caught fire in the belfry. I was sitting with Lawrence Minster and saw the fire through a knot hole in the board which covered the hole where you got up to the bell.

Russel Fetters

I remember when wild horses were shipped in from the west and were sold at auctions at the stock yard, where the Equity Oil tanks now stand). The farmers gathered from miles around for the sales.

Kathryn Shifferly, (deceased)

A folk superstition- by Alice Pancake Brown, (deceased) My Grandma Crabill was a weaver, you know, and folks would come from all around, mostly from Clark's Chapel to get weavin' done. Now, my Uncle Dave Crabill lived over there, and he had a nice a team of horses you'd ever see. My Uncle Levi came home one day, a walkin' his own self, and when he got back, Uncle Dave was stuck in the mud. The horses wouldn't pull a 'tall. Uncle Dave was a whippin' them and tryin' everything. Uncle levi came up and said, "Stop that whippin' that team. Didn't you see that strange person goin' down the road, he's put the witchery on those horses. Jes' get your ax, and chop the hub of the wheel. You'll get your team to walk right off."

But I don't think that Uncle Dave Crabill would ever do that. I think he unhitched 'em. Anyway, if he'd done it, the feller that put the witchery on, would have been DEAD!

Yes, maam, strange folks would put witchery on stock too, fix your cows, so's they won't stand still. Can't get near 'em to milk 'em. And your churn too, you can have just the nicest kind of cream, but you can churn and churn and still git no butter out.

I remember one time the G.A.R. had their encampment here in town and they offered to give a fine bear robe to the most popular doctor in town. Now wasn't that a heck of a thing to do? Well, Ole Doc Leiter and Ole Doc Morgan, both Southerners, and hot tempered, were in the race.

Doc Morgan got the robe, but he had a hard time keeping it. My Dad was town marshal and had to separate them. Man, that was a fight!

Ves Rose, (deceased)

Did you say timber? I remember this country had the finest timber on earth. Old man, Dominic Lortie, was one of the first to get what they called ship timber out of the woods. No, they didn't make ships from it, but it was shipped as raw material to Europe, duty free. Only the big ones were used. After they were scored, the man on the broad ax never wanted to pick up another ax, as it would set him off kelter. Then the big giants would be hauled out of the woods in the winter on bob sleds. For forty years, I was never without dynamite, clearing land, blowing stumps, laying tile, dredging ditches, and all that goes into making the new ground livable.

Frank Ball, (deceased)

I remember the first political speech I heard after coming to Indiana. It was in the campaign of 1920, when Taft was the candidate for President on one ticket, and Marshall was the candidate on the other ticket for Governor.

The Democratic Committee sent Marshall to South Bend to speak to the laboring men in one of the factories of that city. After he had spoken and some of the audience had come to the platform to greet him, one man reached out his hand and shook it fervently, saying, "How do you do, Mr. Taft, I am glad to meet you and I surely am going to vote for you."

After he left, I said to the Chairman, "I wish I knew what brand of whiskey he drinks, if his brand makes that much difference in the drinker."

Berl B. Blauvelt



From the earliest times, an endless crop of tall stories has sprouted among those who gather in the hometown, at the store, or the loafing bench. The listener is likely to hear about the summer that it was so hot that popcorn popped in the fields, and the mule that saw it froze to death, because it looked like snow. Or say, did you hear about the hunter that saved himself from the bear, by reaching down the bear's throat and turning the bear inside out:

In the folktales of Indiana, is written the best history of its people.

